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AND

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Captain Back's Journal of the Arctic Land Expedition in search of Captain Ross. 8vo. London, 1836. Murray.

OUR copy of this work, the simple narrative of as gallant and admirable an exploit as ever redounded to the honour of English character, has reached us too late for analysis and extended remark. But it needs them not, for the world is already acquainted with the outline of this interesting expedition; and we are sure our readers have the good sense and good taste to prefer Captain Back's writing to ours. We therefore lose no time in presenting them with as much of it as we can, preferring, in the first instance, a miscellaneous to a systematic selection.

On descending towards the coast, Captain Back, on one occasion, says:—

"The sharp sight of the Indians had detected a moose some distance ahead of us, and La Prise, being expert at approaching those quick-eared animals, went in pursuit. Meanwhile we dropped silently down the stream along the opposite side, until a place was found dry enough for encamping. The night was clear and bright; and the men were earnestly watching the boiling of a kettle of meat, when they were startled by a long shrill whoop, which Louison, the interpreter, immediately answered, announcing, at the same time, that it was the small canoe, and that La Prise had killed his game. The splash of paddles was now heard in the distance; and in a few minutes the canoe, with its many inmates, glided against the long grass, on the bank of the encampment, under the broad shade of which nothing was visible but the dark heads of the Indians, as they appeared and vanished with the motion of their canoe. When Louison inquired if he had been successful, La Prise, with the characteristic of a true Chipewyan, answered in the negative, *Oolah!* '*Oolah!*' re-echoed the interpreter, in a disappointed tone, '*oolah!* Monsieur, il a manqué; who ever heard of the whoop without its accompanying prey?' Scarcely were the words out, when La Prise was at his side; and as he handed him the gun, gave from the other hand the fine tongue and nose of a moose. 'There,' said he; 'I shot it through the heart, through an opening between the trees not wider than my hand: but it was with your gun and ammunition, which, according to our customs, you know, makes it your property. I thought the chief would like to have the tongue and the nose,* and the rest lies at the bottom of the canoe for your disposal.' This restraint on their appetite was the more remarkable, as they had scarcely eaten any thing for several days past; and the few scraps with which their friends had supplied them could not have sufficed for a single meal. But they never infringed this law among themselves; and nothing but imminent starvation would excuse the Indian who should transgress it. Nevertheless, such conscientious dealing merited a reward

from me, which was easily bestowed by allowing La Prise and his party to retain the larger proportion of the animal.

Another characteristic incident follows:—

"While rounding a projecting bluff, or headland, near which I was told there was a river, our attention was attracted to the crest of a steep rock, where the keen eye of the Indian detected a poor bear, quietly regaling himself with a feast of berries. 'Sass! sass!'* whispered he, and in a moment all were down to a level with the canoe, and remained motionless, except the bowman, who persisted in making signs perfectly unintelligible; until at last he said, in an under tone, 'Dites-lui d'ôter son bonnet rouge,' meaning my servant, an honest Lancashire lad, who, not understanding a word of French, had never ceased to look at the bear, without once thinking of his flaming red cap. 'What!' exclaimed he, as he took it off, 'will it frighten him?' The interpreter and Indian waded on shore, and crawling silently through the bushes, were soon lost to our sight. In a few minutes, a couple of shots, followed by a whoop, proclaimed the fate of bruin; and we landed at a convenient spot to fetch the meat. While the men were absent on this errand, I strolled about and saw some gooseberries and currants on the bushes, still unripe; there were also a few roses yet in bud, the colour of which was a deeper red than that of the roses which grow more south. A brood of young ducks was likewise observed. The party at length returned: the animal, being small, was slung on the bowman's back; and, as he had placed a stick in its mouth to keep the jaws apart, and then tucked the head under his arm, his appearance, as he brushed through the wood, was ludicrous enough."

The next is still more illustrative of the Indian character:—

"When we got to a long and rounded mound, about half a mile from the western side, I observed that both the Indians assumed a look of superstitious awe, and maintained a determined silence. I inquired the reason of this reverential demeanour; when Maufelly, after some hesitation, with a face of great seriousness, informed us, that the small island we were passing was called the Rat's Lodge, from an enormous musk-rat which once inhabited it. 'But what you see there,' said he, pointing to a rock on the opposite shore, with a conical summit, 'that is the Beaver's Lodge; and lucky shall we be if we are not visited with a gale of wind, or something worse. The chief would perhaps laugh at the story which our old men tell, and we believe, about that spot.' He then proceeded to narrate, with great earnestness and solemnity of manner, a traditional tale, which, as illustrative of Indian notions, may not be uninteresting to the reader. It was in substance as follows: 'In that lodge there dwelt, in ancient times, a beaver as large as a buffalo; and, as it committed great depredations, sometimes alone, and sometimes with the aid of its neighbour, the rat, whom it had

enticed into a league, the bordering tribes, who suffered from these marauding expeditions, resolved upon its destruction. Accordingly, having consulted together on the best mode of executing their design, and arranged a combined attack—not, however, unknown to the wary beaver, which, it seems, had a spy in the enemy's quarters—they set out one morning before the sun rose, and, under cover of a dense vapour which hung upon the lake, approached, with noiseless paddle, the shore of the solitary lodge. Not a whisper was heard, as each Indian cautiously took his station, and stood with bow or spear in act to strike. One, the 'Eagle of his tribe,' advanced before the rest, and with light steps drew near a cavern in the rock; where, placing his head to the ground, he listened anxiously for some moments, scarcely seeming to breathe; then, with a slight motion of his hand, he gave the welcome sign that the enemy was within. A shower of arrows was poured into the chasm; and the long shrill whoop that accompanied the volley had just died away in its caverns, when a heavy splash was heard, which, for a time, suspended further operations. The attacking party gazed on one another in mute and vacant surprise; for they had not suspected the subterranean passage, and felt that they were baffled. The chief, after creeping into the cavern to explore, directed them to embark; and, having formed a crescent with their canoes at intervals of a hundred yards from each other, they paddled towards the Rat's Lodge, under the idea that the enemy might have retreated thither; if not, it was agreed that the rat, though upon the whole comparatively harmless, should pay the penalty of his untoward alliance, and suffer a vicarious punishment, for the sins of his friend and the gratification of the disappointed pursuers. The rat, however, fortunately for himself, had that instinctive foresight of approaching ruin which proverbially belongs to his race; and, however ready to assist his neighbour when matters went well with him, and something was to be gained by the co-operation, he watched with a prudent jealousy the conduct and fortunes of one so obnoxious to hatred, and was ready, on the first appearance of danger, to stand aloof and disclaim him. Accordingly, when the beaver presented himself at the lodge of his friend, to crave a temporary asylum from his pursuers, the rat, with many protestations of esteem and regret, civilly declined to admit him, and recommended him to make the most of his time by swimming to some rocks to the south, where he would be safe from his enemies. The beaver, though stunned for a time by this unexpected repulse, soon recovered his wonted spirit, and, feeling his situation to be hopeless, threw himself on the rat, and began a desperate struggle. How the contest might have ended, it was difficult to conjecture; but the whoop of the Indians arrested the combatants, and, darting a look of vengeance at the rat, the beaver plunged once more into the water. The chase was long, and many were the hair-breadth escapes of the

* "Considered the choice parts."

* Sass, bear.

resolute beaver: but the ardour of the hunters was not to be quenched; and, tracked to the end of the lake, and thence down the cataracts and rapids which mark its course to the next, the exhausted animal yielded its life just as its feet touched the distant rocks of the Taltel-leh. But its spirit, said Mauffely, in a low and subdued tone, 'still lingers about its old haunt, the waters of which obey its will; and ill fares the Indian who attempts to pass it in his canoe without muttering a prayer for safety: many have perished, some bold men have escaped, but none have been found so rash as to venture a second time within its power.' Whatever may be thought of this strange story, Mauffely related it with so serious an air as to leave no doubt of his own entire and unqualified faith; and the minute circumstantiality of the detail shewed with what a religious care he had treasured every particular. *

"Like all other barbarous nations, these people are naturally prone to superstition; and many of their legends, whatever may be thought of them in these enlightened days, are quite as reasonable as the traditionary tales which in other states of society dimly reveal the past, and serve to amuse the present age. They have their good and evil spirits, haunting the waters, the woods, and the mountains; their giants, and confabulating animals, 'animali parlanti'; their 'Pucks,' and a host of other mischief-loving gentry. I allude to these superstitions here, by way of preface to a story related by one of our unhappy guests, respecting the conduct of a Chipewyan, whom he and many others held responsible for the absence of the deer. 'We might have known,' said a young but emaciated hunter, as he ejected large volumes of smoke from his nostrils,—we might have known that this winter would be marked by something uncommon. The Chipewyans have always been unfriendly to, if not secret enemies of, the Yellowknives, and would feast and rejoice at our misfortunes. Why did he come among us? Was he not cautioned by our old men to desist from his rash purpose, and listen to the words of wisdom founded on experience? But no; he had often, he said, been told, that if a solitary deer were beaten, the whole herd would at once abandon that part of the country where the deed was done: as if thousands of animals, feeding at places far distant from each other, could possibly know what he might do at any particular spot to one of their kind. He did not believe it; some people had bad tongues, and at the first opportunity he would put the matter to proof. Accordingly, in the spring of the year, when a little crust was formed on the snow by the effect of the heat of the day followed by the cold of night, he sallied out on his long snow-shoes of six feet; and, skimming lightly over the bright surface, soon discovered eight or ten deer feeding on a frozen swamp. Making a circuit behind them, he approached with the greatest caution; yet even his almost noiseless tread scared these timid and watchful creatures. As he had expected, they ran upon the lake, using every exertion to escape; but their hoofs, though remarkably broad, were unequal to their support, and at each plunge they sank to their haunches in the snow, and became an easy prey to the hunter; who, borne up by his long snow-shoes, got close to, and killed them all except one. This he beat in the most wanton and merciless manner, and then drove it, stupefied and spent with fatigue, to his lodge, where, amidst the laughter of himself and his kindred, its miseries were at last ended. 'Now,' said

he, 'I shall know if there be any truth in your sayings; and, whether there be or not, I am a Chipewyan, and shall return to my lands, which are far away, and better than your swampy and barren country.' Did we speak the truth? the deer know it, and will not come.' He ceased speaking, and a deep guttural 'whew, whew!' shewed the interest with which the recital had been heard. Another day a middle-aged woman, with a girl about six years old, came to us in great consternation, seeking protection against a hunter, over whose gun she had unluckily stepped during the night. On discovering what she had done, which, in the opinion of an Indian, would destroy the qualities of the gun, and prevent its killing, she was so alarmed for the consequences of her crime, that, though attached to the man, she preferred flight to the chance of what his fury might inflict on her. However, after allowing a reasonable time for the evaporation of his passion, she returned; and as he had, fortunately for her, shot an animal with the same gun since the disaster, she was let off with a sound thrashing, and an admonition to be more careful for the future. This, according to Indian law, was most lenient, as the unhappy female guilty of such delinquency seldom or ever escapes with a slighter punishment than a slit nose, or a bit cut off the ears."

Of the sufferings to which the expedition was exposed, some idea may be formed by the following:

"A small bottle of pyroligneous acid froze in less than 30 minutes, at a temperature of 57° minus; as did also the same quantity of 1 part of rectified spirit and 2 of water, 1 part of the same and 1 of water. Leeward Island rum became thick in a few minutes, but did not freeze. A mixture of 2 parts pure spirit and 1 of water froze into ice in three hours, with a temperature from 65° and 61° minus. Another mixture of 4 parts spirit and 1 water became viscid in the same time. A bottle of nitric ether, having been out all night, was thick, and the bubbles of air rose slowly and with difficulty; the mean temperature at 6 A.M., January 17th, being 70° minus! A surface of four inches of mercury, exposed in a common saucer, became solid in two hours, with a temperature of 57° minus. On the 4th of February the temperature was 60° minus, and, there being at the same time a fresh breeze, was nearly insupportable. Such, indeed, was the abstraction of heat, that, with eight large logs of dry wood in the fire-place of a small room, I could not get the thermometer higher than 12° plus. Ink and paint froze. I made an attempt to finish a sketch, by placing the table as near the fire as I could bear the heat; but a scratchy mark, and small shining particles at the point of the sable, convinced me that it was useless. The sextant-cases, and boxes of seasoned wood, principally fir, all split. Nor was the sensation particularly agreeable to our persons; the skin of the hands, especially, became dry, cracked, and opened into unsightly and smarting gashes, which we were obliged to anoint with grease. On one occasion, after washing my face within three feet of the fire, my hair was actually clotted with ice before I had time to dry it. From these facts some idea may, perhaps, be formed of the excessive cold. It seemed to have driven all living things from us: we had been accustomed to see a few white partridges about, but even these, hardy as they are, had disappeared. Once, indeed, a solitary raven, whose croak made me run out to look at him, swept round the house, but immediately winged his flight to the westward. Nothing but the passing

wind broke the awful solitude of this barren and desolate spot. * * * There is certainly no form of wretchedness, among those to which the chequered life of a *voyageur* is exposed, as once so great and so humiliating, as the torture inflicted by these puny blood-suckers. To avoid them is impossible: and as for defending himself, though for a time he may go on crushing by thousands, he cannot long maintain the unequal conflict; so that at last, subdued by pain and fatigue, he throws himself in despair with his face to the earth, and, half suffocated in his blanket, groans away a few hours of sleep. less rest."

On the coast, one singular occurrence is thus noticed:—

"The place where we encamped, and, indeed, every foot of this sandy soil, was covered with small shells, resembling cockles and li. valves. Innumerable rills of fresh water ran in opposite directions from the central bridge. About 8 P.M. the rain began to fall again, though without at all clearing the fog; and the wind from the north-west increased to a strong breeze. A shout of 'What have you got there?' announced the return of the men: the jocular answer of 'A piece of the North Pole,' immediately brought Mr. King and myself from out the tent; and we found that they had really picked up a piece of drift-wood, nine feet long, and nine inches in diameter, together with a few sticks of smaller drift-wood, and a part of a kieyack. When the large trunk was sawed, I was rather surprised to see it very little sodden with water; a proof that it could not have been exposed for any considerable time to its action. From the peculiar character of the wood, which was pine, of that kind which is remarkable for its freedom from knots, I had no doubt that it had originally grown somewhere in the upper part of the country, about the Mc'Kenzie; and of this I was the more competent to judge, from my recollection of the drift-wood west of that large river, which it exactly resembled. Though we had strong reasons to be grateful for this unlooked-for treasure, as affording us the means of enjoying a hot meal—the first for several days—yet there were other considerations which gave it, in my eyes, a far greater importance. In it I saw what I thought an incontrovertible proof of the set of a current from the westward along the coast to our left, and that, consequently, we had arrived at the main line of the land; for it is a fact well known to the officers of both Sir John Franklin's expeditions, that the absence of drift-wood was always regarded as an infallible sign that we had gone astray from the main, either among islands or in some such opening as Bathurst's Inlet, where, by reason of the set of the current, not a piece of any size was found."

When obliged to relinquish all further progress, Captain Back thus admirably expresses himself:—

"I shall not attempt to describe what were my feelings at finding my endeavours baffled in every quarter, but the one with which (however interesting as regarded the trending of the land) I had no concern. When the mind has been made up to encounter disasters and reverses, and has fixed a point as the zero of its scale, however for a time it may be depressed by doubts and difficulties, it will mount up again with the first gleam of hope for the future; but, in this instance, there was no expedient by which we could overcome the obstacles before us: every resource was exhausted, and it was vain to expect that any efforts, however strenuous, could avail against the close-wedged

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ice, and the constant fogs, which enveloped every thing in impenetrable obscurity. No one, of course, can regret so much as I do, that the important and interesting object of ascertaining the existence of a passage along the coast to Point Turnagain was not accomplished; but if there be any who think that little was achieved, in comparison with what was undertaken (though such a notion can hardly with justice be entertained), let them reflect that, even in the ordinary pursuits of men, with all the appliances of civilised life to boot, the execution is rarely equal to the conception; and then, also, consider how much greater the impediments must be in a climate where the elements war against all intruders, and confound the calculations and set at naught the talents even of such men as Parry and Franklin.

"Assembling the men, I informed them that the period fixed by his majesty's government for my return had arrived; and that it now only remained to unfurl the British flag, and salute it with three cheers in honour of his most gracious majesty, whilst his royal name should be given to this portion of America, by the appellation of William the Fourth's Land. The intimation was received with extreme satisfaction; and the loyal service performed with the cheering accompaniment of a small allowance from our limited remaining stock of spirits. The latitude of this place was 68° 13' 57" N.; longitude, 94° 58' 1" W.; and variation, as well as the sluggishness of the instrument would allow me to determine, 1° 46' W. From this it appears that we were only four miles south of Point Turnagain, which consequently bore nearly due west from us."

(To be continued.)

The Priors of Prague. By the Author of *Cavendish*. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1836. Macrone.

There is a good deal of lively sketchy writing in these pages, much disfigured, however, by extreme flippancy. Of all feelings in a writer, his own self-satisfaction is the one which he finds the most difficult in communicating to his reader. Were our author's head to be examined, we are convinced that lay-down-the-law-attitudes would be found a prominent organ. He decides on every thing. Church, state, law, &c., &c., find in him censure and reform equally ready; nevertheless, his vein does not appear to us to lie in the lively and sarcastic, it is pert rather than witty, and laboured in its lightness. Still there are occasional passages of higher talent, though diffused over a rambling and incoherent narrative. We give the following melo-dramatic scene. We must preface it by observing, that the Spanish husband has discovered the irregular conduct of both his wife and daughter, whom he takes to his country seat.

"On the third day, however, after our arrival, Don Julio, whose uneasiness of mind appeared to grow rather worse than better, either discovered, or pretended to discover, that his wife was very ill. To ensure his being right in his opinion, he sent for a surgeon, and had her bled to fainting; thus — and very properly — placing the matter beyond all doubt. A bed was now made up for Donna Lucia in her mother's chamber, that she might be ready to assist her parent at a moment's notice; for since the night precedent to the duel, Don Julio had, both here and at Seville, confined himself entirely to his own suite of rooms. I know not why, yet, with all her anxiety to discharge her duty, the kind Lucia seemed much

overwhelmed at this determination. Her dejection was not only unusual, but excessive; and I no sooner saw the tear upon her cheek than I felt it on my own. All our fondness returned; the warmer for its interruption. She asked me to assist her in the task of watching, and I agreed to comply with the request. One o'clock had just sounded; the household were at rest; every thing was still. Quietly entering the sick chamber by a private communication, I looked around. The night-lamp had been ill supplied; and its dying light just enabled me to see that Donna Lucia had retired to rest as well as her mother. Both were breathing with a long but heavy respiration. Don Julio had been complaining of rheumatism, and had procured every crevice admitting air to be closed up, — the doors to be listed, and the windows to be fastened. The room felt hot and oppressive — my heart seemed sinking to the bottom of my bosom — something appeared to clog its labouring pulse. Suddenly I heard a sound; — could it have been a footstep? — if so, it was evidently one unwilling to be heard. Another, — they approached. Gliding noiselessly up to Donna Lucia's couch, I concealed myself behind the folds of its drapery. The door opposite opened — a dull glow of light was seen, and the figure of a man stooping to the ground. Slowly and with care, the intruder lifted a large brazier of glowing charcoal, which he seemed with difficulty to carry into the middle of the room. This done, he raised his person, as if to recover from the effects of the exertion, — passed his hand across his brow, and bent his head gradually down upon his breast — evidently heaving with the convulsion of some strong struggle of the passions. Suddenly lifting himself into an attitude of determination, and waving his hand behind him, as if to put down some phantom of the mind, the glowing light distinctly fell upon his features. Distorted as they were by fury and remorse, I knew them at a glance. Judge of my horror and dismay when I saw it was Don Julio. So violently did my knees tremble that I thought I should have fallen. Listening with outstretched form for a few seconds, as if to hear the breathing of his wife, — he advanced a step towards her side — then seemed involuntarily to start back with all the loathing and horror one would exhibit at an asp. He then turned towards his daughter; — but the pause seemed longer, and the hate less determined. Claspings his hands upon his face, and bending the latter down once more, and rocking his body to and fro, an irrepressible sob of agony broke from him as he made towards the door. As he put out his arm to open this, he turned behind, and cast a look at his child's bed, — some relenting angel seemed to guide his steps, and he advanced a pace. My heart stood still — every thing grew indistinct before me. In another instant, he had faced about; I could just perceive him once more wave his hand behind him as his person vanished. The door closed; the springing of a lock was heard, and he had gone for ever! Once more I felt I might breathe. What had I seen? Did I believe it? What was I to infer? My first impression was a doubt of the sanity of Romarina. For what purpose was this dumb show enacted? Why on such an errand should he thus come into the apartments of his wife and daughter? Too quickly the truth seemed to flash upon me. Going back to the door by which I had entered, I found it fastened from without! Every thing is discovered," said I, internally. "It is thus, then, and by the cruel pangs of suffocation, that

Don Julio dooms us to perish!" My last hope was in the determination of Donna Lucia; — after the specimen I had seen of Romarina's unrelenting hate, I could no longer hope by myself to frustrate his design of vengeance. Going up to the daughter's pillow, I attempted to awake her. Whatever were my feelings before, they were nothing to those which overcame me on finding that I was already too late. The poor girl was in a perfect state of insensibility; her pulse was dull and laboured, and every attempt at rousing her proved vain. I was not then sufficiently acquainted with medicine to come to any decided opinion; but I felt convinced that she was poisoned! The discovery made me frantic — I flew to the side of Donna Lorenza; but there life was even at a lower ebb. With the deadly power of charcoal I was well acquainted, but there had been no time for it to produce such effects; these must have been anticipated by some drug. What should I do! Sense seemed almost to desert me. In vain I tried to exert my reasoning faculties, and, returning to poor Lucia, I sank down beside her in despair. Could my presence in the chamber have been known to Don Julio? If so, why should such a man scruple to use the poniard? — For what could the charcoal have been introduced, — either for my destruction, or as a cloak to the murders which had evidently been committed. — And should I remain and resign myself to so horrible an end? Despair restored the energy it had at first beat down. Finding that my young mistress was gone beyond recall, I determined to strive for life at least. Having opened the windows with much difficulty, I tore some of the linen into strips, and, knotting it with haste, adopted the only chance left to me."

The moral worked out in the story is good. It shews, and truly, the worthlessness of birth, wealth, and even talents, without purpose. There are too many Reubens in society, men who waste alike their time and their endowments, beneath the curse, "unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." To such we commend the *Priors of Prague*; they may glean more than one useful lesson from its pages.

History of Europe during the French Revolution. By Archibald Alison, F.R.S.E. Advocate. Vol. V. 8vo. pp. 822. Edinburgh, 1836, Blackwood and Sons; London, Cadell.

This is the third time that, in the course of publication, we have been called upon to notice the successive appearance of the portions in which this masterly historical work has been brought out. In our review of the first two volumes we bore testimony to the study and research which the author had every where exhibited in the collection of his materials; to the harmonious blending which he had effected out of the discrepancies there abounding; and to the legitimacy and fairness of his deductions when drawing these from general observations. Although the present age has produced few good, or at least great histories, and although historical reading is at present by no means one of the prominences of public taste, we ventured at the time to augur, that a book written with the talent and in the spirit of Mr. Alison's *History of Europe during the Middle Ages, and down to the Overthrow of Napoleon* would succeed, because it eminently deserved to do so; and in this we were not disappointed. The appearance of the second portion, comprehending the third and fourth volumes, embracing a period of

national history still more immediately important to our national interests than that which had preceded it, confirmed the high opinion we had expressed, and which the reading public were inclined to entertain; and established the claim of Mr. Alison's work as being an excellent history of one of the most important epochs in the career of nations.

The fifth volume is now before us; and, having gone over its glowing pages, we are free to say, that it is in all respects equal to its predecessors. In every chapter we perceive the same scrutiny and balancing of authorities; the same care and elaboration; the same scrupulous impartiality in the dissection of opposing motives and actions; the same sound constitutional principles, whether political or religious; and the same enthusiasm for all that is truly great or noble. If we have any fault to find, it is in an occasional want of condensation—a fault easier to point out than to avoid, where the materials are so multifarious and yet discrepant; and in an occasional turgidity of style, rather unsuitable to the calm dignity and grave deportment of history, however sanctioned by the authority of Gibbon and his followers.

Mr. Alison, in the volume before us, takes up his subject at the period when a universal joy, consequent on the peace of Amiens, overspread the British nation. Thence we pass to the insurrection of St. Domingo, and the attempts to suppress it by Napoleon. The whole account of the guerilla warfare into which the contest between the natives, under the celebrated Toussaint, and the French, latterly degenerated, is admirably and graphically detailed by the historian; and the subject is wound up by some admirable reflections on the capacity of the negroes, and on the degraded state in which St. Domingo has ever since remained.

Passing over the rupture of the short-lived peace of Amiens, the revolution of Holland, the remodelling of the Cisalpine republic, the projects of Napoleon regarding Switzerland, and the final subjugation of that heroic country by Ney, we come to the renewal of hostilities between the two mighty rival nations, Great Britain and France, and the gigantic preparations of Napoleon for a resistless attack on England—that stumbling-block to his ambition. We cannot resist quoting the excellent reflections of Mr. Alison on the justice and the necessity which at this time impelled England to declare war against Buonaparte.

“In forming a judgment on the propriety of the course adopted by England on this occasion, there are two considerations, not generally attended to, which require to be steadily kept in view, arising as they do out of the whole conduct of the French government throughout the revolutionary war. The first is, that all the great stretches of power during the whole contest were made by France in a period of peace; and that, great as were her military conquests, they were yet inferior to the strides which she made, in defiance of treaty, in the middle of the forced pacifications which followed her triumphs. During the peace of Campo Formio she conquered Switzerland, revolutionised Rome, and subjugated Naples. By the treaty of Lunéville she was bound to allow the Helvetian, Ligurian, and Cisalpine republics to choose their own constitutions; but hardly was the ink of his signature dry when she established a government in these independent states, all entirely composed of her creatures, and incorporated Piedmont, Parma, and Placentia with her dominions. The peace of Presburg and Tilsit were

immediately followed by the overthrow of her own allies, Holland, Spain, and Portugal, and the seating of brothers of Napoleon on the thrones of the two first of these kingdoms. The peace of Vienna, in 1809, was but a prelude to the incorporation of the Roman States, Holland, and Hamburg with the French dominions; and the treaty of Vienna, in 1805, was the immediate forerunner of the confederation of the Rhine, and the conquest of Naples for his brother Joseph; in other words, the organisation of half of Germany and the whole of Italy under the direction of the emperor. Nor did the military strength of France, under the able direction of Napoleon, grow in a less formidable manner during every cessation of hostilities. Like blood in a plethoric patient, it accumulated fearfully during each interval of bleeding; and resistance to the malady became the more difficult the longer it was delayed. Down to 1800, Austria had maintained a protracted and doubtful contest with the republic; but, during the peace which followed, the military resources of France were so immensely increased, that in the next war which ensued, in 1805, she was struck to the earth in a single campaign. The long repose of Germany which succeeded the treaty of Tilsit, in 1807, was marked by such an extraordinary growth of the military strength of France, as enabled it at the same time, in 1812, to maintain three hundred thousand men in Spain, and precipitate five hundred thousand on the Russian dominions. Continued hostility, however, in the end, weakened this colossal power—the military resources of France rapidly declined during the fierce campaigns of 1812 and 1813; and, at length, the conqueror of Europe saw himself reduced, in the plains of Champagne, to the command of fifty thousand men. This effect of peace to France, so different from what is generally observed in conquering states, was the result of the complete overthrow of all pacific habits and pursuits during the revolution; the rise of a generation, educated in no other principles but the burning desire for individual and national elevation, and the organisation of these immense warlike resources by a man of unexemplified civil and military talent. Napoleon felt this strongly. He had no alternative but continued advance or abandonment of the throne. ‘My conquests,’ said he, ‘were in no respect the result of ambition or the mania of dominion; they originated in a great design, or rather in necessity.’ The second is, that Napoleon uniformly treated with the greatest severity the powers which had been most friendly and submissive to his will; and that acquiescence in his demands, and support of his interests, so far from being a ground to expect lenient, was the surest passport to vindictive measures; while he reserved all his favours for the rivals from whom he had experienced only the most determined hostility. Reversing the Roman maxim, his principle was,

‘*Parcere superbis, et debellare subjectos.*’

The object of this policy was, that he might strengthen himself by the forces of the weaker before he hazarded an encounter with the greater powers. Its steady prosecution was an important element in his unexampled success; its ultimate consequences, the principal cause of his rapid decline. Holland was the first power which submitted to the republican arms. The inhabitants of its great towns hailed the soldiers of Pichegru as deliverers. Its government was rapidly revolutionised, and, throughout the whole war, stood faithfully by the fortunes of

France; and it received in return a treatment so oppressive as to call forth the passionate censure of Mr. Fox in the British Parliament, and induce a brother of Napoleon to abdicate the throne of that country, that he might not be implicated in such oppressive proceedings. Piedmont next submitted to the rising fortunes of Napoleon. After a campaign of fifteen days, it opened its gates to the conqueror, and placed in his hands the keys of Italy; and in a few years after, the King of Sardinia was stripped of all his continental dominions, and the territories he had so early surrendered to France were annexed to the engrossing republic. Spain was among the first of the allied powers which made a separate treaty with France; and, for thirteen years afterwards, its treasures, its fleets, and its armies were at the disposal of Napoleon; and he rewarded it by the dethronement of its king, and a six years’ war, fraught with unexampled horrors. Portugal, at the first summons, drew off from the alliance with England, and admitted the French eagles within the walls of Lisbon; and it received in return an announcement in the *Moniteur* that the House of Braganza had ceased to reign. The Pope submitted without a struggle to all the rapacious demands of the French Government: the treasures, the monuments of art, one-third of the dominions of the church, were successively yielded up; the Head of the Faithful condescended to travel to Fontainebleau to crown the modern Charlemagne; and he was rewarded by a total confiscation of his dominions, and imprisonment for the remainder of his life. Venice maintained a neutrality of the utmost moment to France during the desperate struggle with Austria in 1796, when ten thousand even of Italian troops would have cast the balance against the rising fortunes of Napoleon; and he, in return for such inestimable services, instigated a revolt in its continental dominions, which afforded him a pretence for destroying its independence, and handing over its burning democrats to the hated dominion of Austria. A majority of the Swiss fraternised with the republicans, and called in the French forces in 1798; and, in 1802, Switzerland was deprived of its liberties, its government, and its independence. Prussia, by a selfish and unhappy policy, early withdrew from the alliance against France; and for ten years afterwards maintained a neutrality which enabled that enterprising power to break down the bulwark of central Europe, the Austrian monarchy; and, on the very first rupture, he treated it with a degree of severity almost unparalleled in the annals of European conquest. While such was the conduct of Napoleon to the states which had earliest submitted and most faithfully adhered to his fortunes, his lenity towards the powers which had boldly resisted and steadily defied his ambition was not less remarkable. Austria, after a desperate warfare of five years, received as the price of its pacification the Venetian territories, more than an equivalent for all that it had lost in the Low Countries; and, on occasion of every subsequent rupture, obtained terms so favourable as to excite the astonishment even of its own inhabitants; until, at length, a princess of the house of Hapsburg was elevated to the revolutionary throne, and the continued hostility of twenty years rewarded by a large share of the conqueror’s favour. Russia had twice engaged in fierce hostility against France; but the resentment of Napoleon did not make him forget his policy. He made the most flattering advances to Paul in 1800; and, after the next struggle, the treaty of Tilsit actually gave an accession of territory to that formidable rival. With

England, his most inveterate and persevering enemy, he was ever ready to treat on terms of comparative equality. He surrendered valuable colonies of his allies at the peace of Amiens; and was inclined, in the last extremity, to have abandoned Malta rather than provoke a war with so dreaded a naval power, when his own maritime preparations were only in their infancy. The inference to be drawn from these circumstances is, not that Napoleon towards the greater powers was actuated by a spirit of moderation, the reverse of what he evinced towards the lesser, for such a conclusion is at variance with the whole tenor of his life; but that his ambition in every instance was subordinate to his judgment, and that he studiously offered favourable terms to the states with whom he anticipated a doubtful encounter, till his preparations had rendered him master of their destinies. His long-continued favour to Prussia was but a prelude to the conquest of Jena and partition of Tilsit: his indulgence to Russia, only a veil for his designs till the assembled forces of half of Europe were ready, in 1812, to inundate its frontiers: his proffered amity to Great Britain, the lure which was to deceive the vigilance of its government, till the channel was studded with hostile fleets, and a coalition of all the maritime states had prepared a *Leipsc* of the deep for the naval power of England. Such being the evident design of the first consul, as it has now been developed by time, and admitted by himself, there can be but one opinion among all impartial persons as to the absolute necessity of resuming hostilities, if not in 1803, at least at no distant period, and preventing that formidable increase of his resources during the interval of peace, which with him was ever but the prelude to a more formidable future attack, and might have deprived Great Britain of all the security which she enjoyed from her insular situation and long-established maritime superiority."

In the next section of the work, Mr. Alison takes a view of European affairs from the renewal of hostilities in May, 1803, to the commencement of the Spanish war,—a war so unimportant at its opening, so pregnant with great events in its progress, and so glorious to the British arms in its termination. It comprehends, also, an account of the convulsive effects produced throughout Europe by the terror of Napoleon's name, the temporising of Austria, the subjugation of Hanover, and the recognition of the French imperial title by Russia. Chapter xxxix. brings down a general survey of affairs from that period to the battle of Trafalgar. That most splendid achievement of our naval history is recorded in Mr. Alison's best manner, and will bear comparison (can we say more for it?) even with Dr. Southey's soul-stirring account of the same glorious day, in his "Life of Nelson," while it is much more full in what regards Collingwood and others who took part in it. It would exceed our limits to venture on the whole, and a part would necessarily be imperfect. The general reflections of our author on the subject may, however, be extracted without detriment: they are at once sensible and striking:—

"It is observed by Mr. Hume (says Mr. Alison), that actions at sea are seldom, if ever, so decisive as those at land: a remark suggested by the repeated indecisive actions between the English and Dutch in the reign of Charles II.; but which affords a striking proof of the danger of generalising from too limited a collection of facts. Had he extended his retrospect further, he would have observed that the most decisive and important of all

actions recorded in history have been fought at sea: that the battle of Salamis rolled back from Greece the tide of Persian invasion; that of Actium gave a master to the Roman world; that of Lepanto arrested for ever the dangers of Mahometan invasion in the south of Europe; and that of La Hogue checked, for nearly a century, the maritime efforts of the House of Bourbon. Equally important in its consequences as the greatest of these achievements, the battle of Trafalgar not only at once secured the independence of England and destroyed all Napoleon's hopes of maritime greatness, but annihilated for half a century the navies of France and Spain. The losses of the Moscow campaign were repaired in six months; even the terrible overthrow of *Leipsc* was almost obliterated by the host which was marshalled round the imperial eagles at Waterloo: but from the shock of Trafalgar the French navy never recovered; and during the remainder of the war, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of Napoleon, no considerable fleet with the tricolour flag was ever seen at sea. Error frequently attends hasty or partial induction; but from a sufficiently broad and extensive view of human affairs, conclusions of general and lasting certainty may be formed. It is stated by Napoleon, that a fleet of thirty ships of the line, with guns and complement of men complete, may be considered as corresponding at sea to an army of 120,000 men at land. Judging by this standard, the battle of Trafalgar, which destroyed fully twenty-five ships of the line and made prize of twenty, must be considered as equivalent to a victory where 90,000 men out of 120,000 were destroyed. The annals of war exhibit no instance of such a success with land forces: it is double what even the bulletins claimed for Napoleon at Austerlitz, Jena, or Friedland. Even at Waterloo, where alone a blow approaching to that inflicted at Trafalgar was struck, the loss of the French has never been estimated at above 40,000 men. The loss by which that decisive victory was purchased on the side of the British alone, was 9999: on that of the allies, above 20,000; whereas, the total loss of the English at Trafalgar was only 1690 men; a smaller number than perished in many inconsiderable actions, attended with little or no result, in Spain. This affords a striking instance how comparatively bloodless, when viewed in relation to the importance of the successes achieved, are victories at sea than land; and although the losses of the defeated party are much more severe, yet even they bear no sort of proportion to the enormous effusion of blood in land fights. Lord Collingwood estimates the killed and wounded at Trafalgar, where the French navy was in a manner annihilated, 'at several thousands;' while the Moscow campaign, where four hundred thousand men perished, was found insufficient to beat down the military power of Napoleon. The battle of Trafalgar affords a decisive proof that it is owing to no peculiar manœuvre, ill understood by others, of breaking the line, that the extraordinary successes of the English at sea are owing, but that the superior prowess and naval skill of their sailors is alone the cause of their triumphs. In truth, the operation of breaking the line, whether at sea or land, is an extremely critical and hazardous one, and never will be attempted, or, if attempted, succeed, but by the party conscious of and possessing greater courage and resources in danger than its opponent. From its superior sailing, and the lightness of the wind, the Royal Sovereign was in action at Trafalgar when the rear of the column was still

six miles distant, and full a quarter of an hour before another British ship fired a shot: and the whole weight of the conflict, for the same reason, fell upon the twelve or fourteen British ships which first got into action, by whom six-sevenths of the loss was sustained. So far from the French and Spanish fleets being doubled up and assailed by a superior force, the British fleet itself was doubled up; and the victory was in fact gained by half its force, before the remainder got into action. The arrival of this remainder, indeed, gave those first engaged a decisive advantage, and enabled the ships which hitherto had borne up against such desperate odds to overwhelm in their turn their dispirited, and now outnumbered, opponents; but had they not been, from the first, superior, and greatly superior to their antagonists, they must have been taken prisoners in the outset of the fray, and lain useless logs alongside of their captors when the rear of the columns was getting into action. Would any but a superior enemy have ventured to plunge, like Collingwood and Nelson, into the centre of their opponent's fleet, and, unsupported, single out the hostile admiral for attack, when surrounded by his own vessels? What would have been the fate of Alava and Villeneuve, of the Santa Anna and the Bucentaur, if they had thus engaged Collingwood and Nelson, the Royal Sovereign and the Victory, at the muzzle of their guns, in the middle of the English fleet, when three or four other hostile line-of-battle ships were pouring in their shot on all sides? Would they not have been compelled to strike their colours in ten minutes, before the tardy succeeding vessels could come up to their support? In breaking the line, in short, whether at sea or land, the head of the column must necessarily be engaged with a vastly superior force, before the rear and centre can get up to its support; and if, from accidental causes, their arrival, as at Trafalgar, is long delayed, it may happen that this contest against desperate odds may continue a very long time—quite long enough to prove fatal to an ordinary assailant. The conclusion to be drawn from this is, not that Nelson, Duncan, and Rodney, did wrong, and ran unnecessary hazard by breaking the line at Trafalgar, Camperdown, and Martinique—quite the reverse; they did perfectly right: but that it is the manœuvre suited only to the braver and more skilful party, and never can prove successful but in the hands of the power possessing the superiority in courage and prowess, though not in numbers. It will succeed when the head of the column can sustain itself against double or treble its own force before the centre or rear gets up, but in no other circumstances. The case is precisely the same at land: the party breaking the line there runs the greatest risk of being made prisoner, if not able to bear up against superior forces, before support arrive from the rear; and an antagonist who can trust his troops in line to resist the head of the column, will soon obtain a decisive advantage by assailing the attacking column on both flanks. This was what the Duke of Wellington felt he could do, and constantly did, with British troops; and accordingly Jomini tells us, that the system of attacking in columns and breaking the line never succeeded against the close and murderous fire of the English infantry. It was the same with the Russians. Napoleon's system of bringing an overwhelming force to one point, and there breaking the line, answered perfectly, as long as he was engaged with the Austrians, who laid down their arms, or retired, the moment they saw an enemy on their

flank; but when he applied it to the Russians, he soon found the attacking column fiercely assailed on all sides by the troops, among whom it had penetrated; and the surrender of Vandamme, with 7000 men, in the mountains of Bohemia, in 1813, taught him, that it is a very different thing to get into the rear of an army drawn from the north and one from the south of Europe."

The following section, or chapter xl., is wholly occupied with the campaign of Austerlitz, so glorious to the military genius of Napoleon; and during which he shook, or circumvented, almost all the continental powers, crippled the energies of Russia, muzzled Prussia, and compelled Austria to be a suitor for peace. At this time Mr. Pitt closed his mighty exertions; and Mr. Alison's eulogy on the life of that great patriot and statesman, are worthy of himself and the subject.

From this general view of the matter, Mr. Alison passes, in the next chapter, to an able and masterly examination of the British finances, and to an analysis of Mr. Pitt's system of financial policy. We recommend this little treatise—for it is complete in itself, to all who desiderate a succinct account of the power and resources of the British empire. In it the author does not disguise his own particular views—and regarding these there may be a diversity of opinions—but nothing is advanced without reasons shewn with ability, and defended with judgment.

The two concluding chapters of this fifth volume comprehend the general history of European affairs from the peace of Presburg, in January 1806, down to the campaign of Jena, which terminated in the subjugation of Prussia; but we have left no room for extracts.

In this, as in the preceding volumes of this work, which has now fixed itself in public estimation as the best history of the French Revolution, and the wars arising out of it, Mr. Alison shews the same dispassionate statement of facts, and the same unwearied spirit of research. If he has views of his own, these are generally on the right side, and no one can accuse him of distorting either a historical fact, or the opinion of any other writer, to accommodate these to his own preconceived notions. A spirit of candour pervades every page of his now somewhat voluminous, but exceedingly interesting, work; and, wherever the individual appears, it is with honour to his feelings, whether regarded as a man, a Christian, or a Briton.

Inklings of Adventure. By N. P. Willis, author of "Pencilings by the Way." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1836. Saunders and Otley.

THESE volumes give us a far higher opinion of Mr. Willis's talents than we had previously retained. There is a rich vein of poetic feeling runs through them, and there are passages of descriptions, perfect pictures. Mr. Willis's besetting scene is affectionation—and that of the very smallest species—he attempts to unite the coxcomb and the poet; two characters utterly incompatible. He aims too much at impressing on our mind what a very fine gentleman he is, unconscious that not a single reader cares the least about the matter. Now we permit, and sympathise with the poet's egotism, while it is confined to feelings; but we have no sympathy, and, therefore, no charity, when it dwells upon habits: "brushes saturated with Macassar oil," ball-room triumphs, &c. &c. form no part of "our allowance." The fact appears to us, that Mr. Willis set out with being the favourite of a small coterie; and small coteries are the

hot-beds of pretension. He measured every thing by the given and little scale of previous opinion, which had one only reference to the effect which Mr. N. P. Willis was to produce. Fame was to him only a large looking-glass, giving back his own figure in an attitude. But he has stuff in him for better things: with the feeling that he shews to the harmonies of nature, he cannot be without "music in his soul." We prove our words by the following quotations:—

American Winter.—"The first severe frost had come, and the miraculous change had passed upon the leaves which is known only in America. The blood-red sugar maple, with a leaf brighter and more delicate than a Circassian lip, stood here and there in the forest like the sultan's standard in a host—the solitary and far-seen aristocrat of the wilderness, the birch, with its spirit-like and amber leaves, ghosts of the departed summer, turned out along the edges of the woods like a lining of the palest gold; the broad sycamore and the fan-like catalpa flaunted their saffron foliage in the sun, spotted with gold like the wings of a lady-bird; the kingly oak, with its summit shaken bare, still hid its majestic trunk in a drapery of sumptuous dyes, like a stricken monarch, gathering his robes of state about him to die royally in his purple; the tall poplar, with its minaret of silver leaves, stood blanched like a coward in the dying forest, burdening every breeze with its complainings; the hickory paled through its enduring green; the bright berries of the mountain-ash flushed with a more sanguine glory in the unobstructed sun; the gaudy tulip-tree, the Sybarite of vegetation, stripped of its golden cups, still drank the intoxicating light of noon-day in leaves than which the lip of an Indian shell was never more delicately tinted; the still deeper-dyed vines of the lavish wilderness, perishing with the noble things whose summer they had shared, outshone them in their decline, as woman in her death is heavenlier than the being on whom in life she leaned; and alone and unsympathising in this universal decay, outlaws from Nature, stood the fir and the hemlock, their frowning and sombre heads darker and less lovely than ever, in contrast with the death-struck glory of their companions. The dull colours of English autumnal foliage give you no conception of this marvellous phenomenon. The change here is gradual; in America it is the work of a night—of a single frost! It is as if a myriad of rainbows were laced through the tree-tops—as if the sunsets of a summer—gold, purple, and crimson—had been fused in the alembic of the west, and poured back in a new deluge of light and colour over the wilderness. It is as if every leaf in those countless trees had been painted to out-flush the tulip—as if, by some electric miracle, the dyes of the earth's heart had struck upward, and her crystals and ores, her sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies, had let forth their imprisoned colours to mount through the roots of the forest, and, like the angels that in olden time entered the bodies of the dying, reanimate the perishing leaves, and revel an hour in their bravery."

American Spring.—"The air was soft and warm—the sky was clear and of the milky cerulean of chrysopræ—the south wind (the same, save his unperfumed wings, who had crept off, like a satiated lover, in October) stole back suddenly from the tropics, and found his flowery mistress asleep and insensible to his kisses beneath her snowy mantle. The sunset warmed back from its wintry purple to the golden tints of heat, the

stars burnt with a less vitreous sparkle, the meteors slid once more lamently down the sky, and the house-dove sat on the eaves, washing her breast in the snow-water, and thinking (like a neglected wife at a capricious return of her truant's tenderness) that the sunshine should last for ever! The air was now full of music. The water trickled away under the snow, and, as you looked around and saw no change or motion in the white carpet of the earth, it seemed as if a myriad of small bells were ringing under ground—fairies, perhaps, startled in mid-revel with the false alarm of summer, and hurrying about with their silver anklets, to wake up the slumbering flowers. The mountain-torrents were loosed, and rushed down upon the valleys like the children of the mist; and the hoarse war-cry, swelling and falling upon the wind, maintained its perpetual undertone like an accompaniment of bassoons; and, occasionally, in a sudden lull of the breeze, you would hear the click of the undetermined snow-drifts dropping upon the earth, as if the chorister of spring were beating time to the reviving anthem of nature. The snow sunk, perhaps a foot in a day, but it was only perceptible to the eye where you could measure its wet mark against a tree from which it had fallen away, or by the rock, from which the dissolving bank shrunk and separated, as if rocks and snow were as heartless as ourselves, and threw off their friends, too, in their extremity! The low-lying lake, meantime, surrounded by melting mountains, received the abandoned waters upon its frozen bosom, and spreading them into a placid and shallow lagoon, separate by a crystal plane from its own lower depths, gave them the repose denied in the more elevated sphere, in which lay their birthright. And thus—(oh, how full is nature of these gentle moralities!)—and thus sometimes do the lowly, whose bosom, like the frozen lake, is at first cold and unsympathetic to the rich and noble, still receive them in adversity, and, when neighbourhood and dependence have convinced them that they are made of the same common element, as the lake melts its dividing and icy plane, and mingles the strange waters with its own, do they dissolve the unnatural barrier of prejudice, and take the humbled wanderer to their bosom!"

Sounds in the Woods.—"The gold of the sunset had glided up the dark pine tops, and disappeared, like a ring taken slowly from an Ethiop's finger; the whip-poor-will had chanted the first stave of his lament; the bat was abroad, and the screech-owl, like all bad singers, commenced without waiting to be importuned, though we were listening for the nightingale. The air, as I said before, had been all day breathless; but, as the first chill of evening displaced the warm atmosphere of the departed sun, a slight breeze crisped the mirrored bosom of the canal, and then commenced the night anthem of the forest,—audible, I would fain believe, in its soothing changes, by the dead tribes whose bones whiten amid the perishing leaves. First, whisperingly yet articulately, the suspended and waving foliage of the birch was touched by the many-fingered wind, and, like a faint prelude, the silver-lined leaves rustled in the low branches; and, with a moment's pause, when you could hear the moving of the vulture's claws upon the bark, as he turned to get his breast to the wind, the increasing breeze swept into the pine-tops, and drew forth from their fringe-like and myriad tassels a low monotone like the refrain of a far-off dirge; and still, as it murmured (seeming to

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you sometimes like the confused and heart-broken responses of the penitents on a cathedral floor), the blast strengthened and filled, and the rigid leaves of the oak, and the swaying fans and chalcies of the magnolia, and the rich cups of the tulip-trees, stirred and answered with their different voices like many-toned harps; and, when the wind was fully abroad, and every moving thing on the breast of the earth was roused from its daylight repose, the irregular and capricious blast, like a player on an organ of a thousand stops, lulled and strengthened by turns, and from the hiss in the rank grass, low as the whisper of fairies, to the thunder of the impinging and groaning branches of the larch and the fir, the anthem went ceaselessly through its changes, and the harmony (though the owl broke in with his scream, and though the over-blown monarch of the wood came crashing to the earth) was still perfect, and without a jar. It is strange that there is no sound of nature out of tune. The roar of the waterfall comes into this anthem of the forest like an accompaniment of bassoons, and the occasional bark of the wolf, or the scream of a night-bird, or even the deep-throated croak of the frog, is no more discordant than the out-burst of an octave flute above the even melody of an orchestra; and it is surprising how the large rain-drops, pattering on the leaves, and the small voice of the nightingale (singing, like nothing but himself, sweetest in the darkness), seem an intensive and a low burden to the general anthem of the earth, as it were, a single voice among instruments.

"There will come, sometimes in the spring,—say in May, or whenever the snow-drops and sulphur butterflies are tempted out by the first timorous sunshine,—there will come, I say, in that yearning and youth-renewing season, a warm shower at noon. Our tent shall be pitched on the skirts of a forest of young pines, and the evergreen foliage, if foliage it may be called, shall be a daily refreshment to our eye, while watching, with the west wind upon our cheeks, the unclothed branches of the elm. The rain descends softly and warm; but with the sunset the clouds break away, and it grows suddenly cold enough to freeze. The next morning you shall come out with me to a hill-side looking upon the south, and lie down with your ear to the earth. The pine-tassels hold in every four of their fine fingers a drop of rain, frozen like a pearl in a long ear-ring, sustained in their loose grasp by the rigidity of the cold. The sun grows warm at ten, and the slight green fingers begin to relax and yield, and by eleven they are all dropping their icy pearls upon the dead leaves, with a murmur through the forest like the swarming of the bees of Hybla. There is not much variety in its music, but it is a pleasant monotone for thought, and if you have a restless fever in your bosom (as I had, when I learned to love it, for the travel which has corrupted the heart and the ear that it soothed and satisfied them), you may lie down with a crooked root under your head in the skirts of the forest, and thank Heaven for an anodyne to care."

There are many pleasant tales interspersed; among which we prefer those that illustrate "American Manners." "Edith Linsey" is the best in these volumes.

Capt. Gardiner's Journey to Zoolu.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

We are prone to believe, that our readers must feel some interest in the fate of the unfortunate deserters given up to the tyrant Dingarn, as

stated in our last *Gazette*; and sorry are we to say, that the catastrophe was one of barbarity and blood. The feeble efforts of Captain Gardiner after their surrender was, as might have been anticipated, altogether unavailing. He tells us he wrote to Dingarn, and said:—

"If deserters must be killed, let them be killed at once; but if they are to be starved to death, we are resolved that not another individual shall be sent back." The men promised to be kind to the prisoners by the way, and on no account to mention the fate which would probably await them on their arrival. My heart sickens at the thought of such barbarities—still it is a duty we owe to the two thousand natives now residing here, and who, together with ourselves, would all some night have probably been immolated but for the security of the present treaty."

Our minds revolt at the whole transaction, and we are the less satisfied with the apologies made for the English share in it when we read—

"Last night, by an arrival from the Tugala, I learned the fate of the unfortunate prisoners whom we left at Congella. They were not starved, but all put to death on the king's leaving for Unkuninglove, shortly after my departure. It is said that Umthlella took this sanguinary measure upon himself, contrary to the wish of both Dingarn and Tambooz; but the fact is, these three great personages have a most convenient method of placing upon each other the responsibility they would evade, and the very next moment indemnifying the perpetrator of the act they denounced."

The following description, when the party leave Dingarn's court and capital, affords curious views of the habits of these people.

"So many beasts have been slaughtered for me, during these journeys, that my servants have been enabled to obtain their favourite ornament, a part of the gall-bladder, stuffed with fat, and formed into a large ring, with which they encircle the arm. Sometimes a ring of fat is worn round the head like a bandage, just above the eyebrows; in fact, fat of all kinds is their delight—they will eat it *au naturel*, and consider that individual as wealthy who can afford to appropriate a sufficient quantity to decorate his person besides. One of the men went off with the tail of the cow dangling from his arm—whether by the way of ornament or not, I did not inquire. Observing how soon the meat had been demolished, I inquired of the people how many of them an ox would suffice. They said that five men would finish the whole beast in the course of a day and a half; and this I fully believe, from the specimen they have already given of their carnivorous powers. On crossing a mountain, after passing Ebonquani (the first village on leaving Congella), we passed through an immense flight of locusts, more numerous than any I have yet seen either in this country or in Kafir-land; they were feeding upon the grass until we disturbed them, and then rose in millions; many flew into my face, and I caught several in my hand as I rode along."

Again:

"Six men of the Iuthlangwain tribe arrived, from whom I obtained a confirmation of a very distressing fact, viz. a whole nation, from the pressure of extreme want, being first reduced to the dreadful necessity of subsisting upon their own children, and afterwards evincing so decided a predilection for human flesh as still to perpetuate the horrid practice of cannibalism; not, however, to the extermination of their own tribe, but feasting upon the bodies of

captives taken in war. These people, according to their report, inhabit a country four days north of the Tugala, and two north-west of Unkuninglove. The name of the tribe is Im-mithlanga, and that of their chief, Upallusi. They are independent of the Zoolu, speak a dialect of the Abasootu, and are said to be generally at war with the Amathlubi, a people bordering them on the north, under a chief named Amahungwa. Two of the men with whom I conversed, Sinoieza and Pakankoothla, had been eye-witnesses to the barbarities above stated, having seen them cooking and feasting on the flesh of several human bodies. Sinoieza himself appears to have had a very narrow escape. His own father was speared and eaten by them, and it was only by running away and concealing himself that he avoided a similar fate! It was in consequence of an attack from the Amatembu, some years ago, that the Im-mithlanga were first reduced to the horrid alternative of murdering their own children for support."

On the second visit to the Zoolu country, a part of the reception given by the ruler is also highly illustrative of manners.

"Desiring his women to amuse me by singing during his absence, he then suddenly made his exit. Although they sang in parts and in good time, the high pitch of so many female voices, unaccompanied by a bass, was not altogether pleasing, especially as it was continued for some time. About an hour had passed in this manner, when a cessation took place, and some of them came near and begged of me beads. During the whole time that Dingarn had been present, they slid about on their knees whenever they wished to move from one part of the house to another; but, now observing them to walk as usual, I inquired the cause. They said that they were not now afraid of the king; but that while he was present in the house, they were never permitted to stand up, but always moved about in the manner I had seen. A servant was now sent to conduct me without the Issigordlo, to a group of chiefs seated before a large concourse of men standing around them in a semicircle. Tambooz, who was among them, desired me to seat myself near him, and I felt convinced that a conference was about to be held before Dingarn on some business of importance. Nothing, however, was more distant from his thoughts; but, actuated merely by a sudden freak, he issued from his gateway the most extraordinary figure that can well be imagined. During the interval that his women were singing, he had caused his whole body, not excepting his face, to be thickly daubed over with red and white clay in spots; and had but his figure corresponded with the character, he might have passed at Astley's for the genuine Harlequin of the night. Thus adorned, a dance and a song were the least I expected, but he contented himself with receiving the acclamations of 'Byate,' 'Thou who art for ever,' 'The great black one,' &c. &c.; and again retired as unaccountably from the sight of his wondering subjects, who none of them could devise the import of this singular exhibition. All I could collect from them was, that it was a new thing, that he had done it because he was the king, and could do what he pleased. It is not, however, improbable that the sight of the spotted beads had put this strange crotchet into his head."

We conclude with one other extract:—

"Although their method of killing cattle is in general use among the Amakosa and neighbouring tribes, I had never before witnessed it;

and, on being assured that it was as expeditious as any other mode of taking life, I allowed them to proceed. The unfortunate animal, seized by its horns and legs, was then thrown on its back, and held down by several men, until an opening was made by an assegai a little below the chest. Into this opening the man thrust his arm above the elbow, feeling his way until he grasped the heart-string, which by main force he broke, and then left the poor beast, writhing with pain, to linger several minutes before it expired, breathing partly through the gaping wound. The horror of that sight, and the feelings I endured during the barbarous act, will long be remembered; and most strenuously would I recommend all missionaries and well-wishers to humanity to exert their influence, if possible, to abolish a practice at once so cruel and revolting. The scene which followed was quite in keeping with the commencement. The paunch was immediately cut into strips, and, without washing, eagerly devoured on the spot. Within the circumference of the cattle-fold a fire was kindled, on which several steaks were thrown, and these in about ten minutes were considered sufficiently done, and by the united aid of teeth and assegai were hacked and torn into smaller pieces for immediate use. One man I observed, perhaps sharper set than the rest, dividing with his dog the raw flesh which he held between his teeth; having cut off sufficient for himself, he ate it with considerable satisfaction, although but the instant before it had been severed from the carcass. Determined that the want of a marrow-spoon should not deprive them of any part of their accustomed meal, a heavy thump upon a flat stone speedily dislodged the contents of every bone which came within their reach, unscathed by the neighbouring fire, and the envied morsel was conveyed to the mouth by the elegant process of suction applied to the stone in question, which might probably have been lying embedded in the dust and dirt of the cattle-fold for months before; even the blood was not rejected, but carefully collected in earthen vessels and carried away to be cooked; a circumstance which I consider remarkable, having among all these nations traced so many vestiges of Jewish rites. The disgusting practice of rubbing meat in the contents of the paunch of the beasts from which it has been cut, is said to have the effect of preserving it, as it thereby acquires sufficient saltiness to be kept for a considerable time, and in taste and appearance in some degree resembles that which has been steeped in saltpetre. The choice pieces, reserved for the chiefs, are always submitted to this operation, which obtains as well among the Zoolus as the different Kafir tribes."

There are some lithographic sketches, which serve to aid us in our views of these savages; and there is a good deal of very indifferent but very pious poetry, with which the Captain has relieved himself, if not his readers. If we did not see R.N. (royal navy) appended to his name, we should have M.P. (missionary parson), the legitimate appendages. The intention throughout is far preferable to the modes of carrying it into effect.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Theological Library, Vol. XIII.: the Life of Archbishop Laud, by C. Webb Le Bas. (London, Rivingtons.)—No Life in the whole history of the English Church is of greater interest and importance than that of Laud. It is very faithfully recorded in this volume; and those portions of it which are connected with the encouragement of our national literature will be especially acceptable to the scholar and general reader.

Sir W. Scott's Prose Works, Vol. XXV. (Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Whittaker.)—The fourth volume of

Scotland; and again magnificently illustrated from the pencil of Turner. Glencoe and Killikrankie were, indeed, fit subjects for him.

The Book of Common Prayer, &c. &c.; with brief Explanatory Notes, by the Rev. G. Valpy, &c. (London, Valpy.)—One of the most perfect and neat editions of the Book of Common Prayer we have ever seen. It does credit to the typography of Mr. Valpy, and no less to the talent and piety of his namesake and relative, the editor.

Arboretum Britannicum, No. XX.—Mr. Loudon is approaching the completion of this strikingly useful and interesting work; and, we observe, by a prefix, invites corrections and opinions upon his work. Our opinion is, that it requires wonderfully little correction; and is a lasting monument of his care, diligence, and ability.

Architectural Magazine, No. XXVIII., by the same, is an unusually good Number. The View of Freemasonry, and Remarks on the Plans for the Houses of Parliament, are valuable papers.

Locusts, King of the Forests; a Tale, by Jane Roberts, author of "Two Years at Sea," 3 vols. 12mo. (London, Whittaker and Co.)—This is a simple and pastoral tale, modelled on the German school. It is a green and calm landscape, inhabited by a quiet race invested with the grace of pastoral poetry.

Chances and Changes; a Domestic Story, by Mrs. Strutt, author of "Six Weeks on the Loire," 3 vols. 12mo. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—We see that this moral and unassuming story has reached a second edition.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.
GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE letter referred to in our last, dated 19th March, and addressed to Sir Charles Lemon, by R. W. Fox, Esq., on Mineral Veins, was read. It is scarcely possible, in a brief notice, to give a satisfactory analysis of Mr. Fox's communication; but the following extract may convey to our readers an imperfect idea of the extensive views which it opens relative to the formation of mineral veins. Mr. Fox is of opinion, that fissures were formed by change in the earth's temperature; and if the direction and intensity of the magnetic curves be connected with variations of temperature, then changes in the earth's temperature might seem to indicate changes in the magnetic curves. If it be admitted, therefore, that fissures may have been produced as stated above, Mr. Fox says, "that there can be little difficulty in also admitting that electricity may have powerfully influenced the existing arrangement of the contents of mineral veins. How are we otherwise to account for the relative positions of veins of different kinds with respect to each other, and likewise for their contents in reference to the rocks which they traverse, and many other phenomena observable in them of a very decided and definite character? Copper, tin, iron, and zinc, in combination with the sulphuric and muriatic acids, being very soluble in water, are, in this state, capable of conducting voltaic electricity; so, if by means of infiltration, or any other process, we suppose the water to have been impregnated with any of these metallic salts, the rocks containing different salts would undoubtedly become in different or opposite electrical conditions; and hence, if there were no other cause, electrical currents would be generated, and be readily transmitted through the fissures containing water, with salts in solution; and decompositions of the salts, and a transference of their elements, in some cases, to great distances, would be the natural result. But, on the known principles of electro-magnetism, it is evident that such currents would be more or less influenced in their direction and intensity by the magnetism of the earth. They cannot, for instance, pass from N. to S., or from S. to N., so easily as from E. to W., but more so than from W. to E. The terrestrial magnetism would therefore tend, in a greater or less degree, to direct the voltaic currents through those fissures which might approximate to an east and west bearing, and, in separating the saline constituents, would deposit the metal

within or near the electro-magnetic rock, and the acid would be determined toward the electro-positive rock, and probably enter into new combinations; or the sulphuric acid might, by means of the same agency, be resolved into its elements; in which case the sulphur would take the direction of the metal, and the oxygen of the acid, and in this way the metallic sulphurets may have derived their origin; for, if I mistake not, the metallic sulphates, supposing them to have been the prevailing salts, as at present, would be fully adequate to supply all the sulphur required by the same metals to form sulphurets; indeed, more than sufficient, if we deduct the oxide of tin, and other metaliferous oxides found in our mines. The continued circulation of the waters would, in time, bring most of the soluble salts under the influence of these currents, till the metals were in great measure separated from their solvents, and deposited in the east and west veins, and near the rocks to which they were determined by the electric currents."

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

THE following are notes of Mr. Bailey's report on the new standard scale of the Society.—The author commences with a short history of the standard measures of this country; and it evidently appears, that although, by Magna Charta, it is declared, that there shall be a uniformity of weights and measures throughout the realm, yet the legislature has not been able, even at the present day, effectually to accomplish this object: one principal cause of which is, the loose manner in which the various acts of parliament have been framed. The standard is, indeed, often alluded to, but without being defined, or even identified; and any yard measure that had been stamped at the Exchequer (in which process no great pains were taken or required) was considered a legal standard. In the year 1742, the subject assumed a more scientific and proper shape; for it appears that some curious gentlemen, both of the Royal Society of London, and of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, proposed, that accurate standards of the measures and weights of both nations, carefully examined, and made to agree with each other, should be laid up and preserved in the archives of the respective Societies. This proposal was received with the general approbation of both those bodies; and the necessary directions for carrying the same into effect were given. Mr. Bailey then details the result. The standard of length, at the Exchequer, at that time, was a square rod of brass, of the breadth and thickness of about half an inch; the ends neither flat nor parallel; in fact, it is of the rudest description. It was placed there in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In the year 1758, the attention of the House of Commons was directed to the subject; and a committee of that house was appointed relative thereto. They also ordered two new standards to be made, by the celebrated Mr. Bird, which were placed in the custody of the clerk of the House of Commons; but no legislative enactment on the subject took place, until nearly seventy years afterwards. In 1824, an act of parliament was passed, declaring one of Bird's standards to be the legal and only unit of measure of extension in this kingdom. Mr. Bailey then enters into an investigation of the disadvantages attending a flat scale, similar to all those which had been hitherto constructed; and considers that many of the anomalies experienced in the comparisons of such scales are to be mainly attributed to this form of construction. It was principally from

a consideration of these discordances, and of others afterwards alluded to, as well as from a desire to possess a standard scale of their own, that might be appealed to on any important and delicate experiments or operations, that this Society, in the year 1833, resumed the subject, and appointed a committee to consider the propriety and expediency, as well as the best means, of carrying the same into effect; and the result has been the construction of a standard scale on a new and improved principle, and which (it is presumed), from its form, its uniform mode of being supported, its accuracy of division, and its means of verification, will be less liable to those sources of error which have too frequently occurred in instruments of this delicate kind. The form adopted by the committee was that of a cylindrical tube 1.12 inch in its exterior diameter. The thickness of the tube, which is about two-tenths of an inch, is not formed of one piece of metal, but consists of three brass tubes drawn one within the other. The division-lines are cut on palladium pins, inserted in the tube; and the whole scale, when in use, is supported on two rollers, always placed under the same points of the scale. Three thermometers are let into the tube, at equal distances, for the purpose of determining its temperature. The first operation was to determine its agreement with the legal standard, or unit of measure, at the House of Commons. For this purpose, the committee applied to, and obtained leave of, the speaker, to have the use of that national standard. Several hundred comparisons of the two measures were made by the different members of the committee; and although discordances were met with, arising from the ill-defined shape of the dots on the parliamentary standard, yet the results are as satisfactory as the nature of the case would allow; and it may safely be declared, that it is the most complete copy of an original, of this kind, that ever was taken. This, indeed, is the more important, as the parliamentary standard has since been destroyed, in the disastrous fire that consumed the two houses of parliament in the year 1834. The committee next proceeded to verify the various subdivisions of the scale; an operation that does not appear to have been attended to in any previous investigations of this subject. But it was not with the parliamentary standard alone that the Society's scale was placed in comparison; for it was also compared with several other known standards of repute; and more especially with two standards of a similar construction to the present one, formed for the Danish and Russian governments. The results lead the council of the Astronomical Society to suppose, that the present new standard scale, belonging to it, will tend to remove some, if not the whole, of the inconveniences and evils arising in cases where extreme precision and accuracy are requisite, not only in measures of length, but also in those of weight and capacity. At the anniversary, the president announced, that the council had awarded the medal to Sir J. F. W. Herschel, for his Catalogue of Nebulae and Clusters of Stars, &c. printed in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1833. Mr. Airy, the astronomer royal, was elected president. The other officers stand nearly as heretofore.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, April 28th. — The following degrees were conferred:—
Doctor in Civil Law, Grand Compounder. — Hon. J. D. Bligh, Fellow of All Souls' College.
Bachelors of Arts. — Rev. T. G. Simcox, grand compounder; Rev. H. D. Phelps, Wadham College; Rev.

B. Fausset, Corpus Christi College; Rev. J. R. Coope, Christ Church; J. Burdon, Michel Fellow of Queen's College; Rev. C. Walters, Merton College.

The Rev. Cooke Otway, M.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, was admitted ad eundem.

Bachelors of Arts. — J. Andrew, grand compounder; T. C. H. Leaver, Fellow of St. John's College; J. Brenchley, University College; J. Butler, All Souls' College; J. Boucher, Exhibitioner of Lincoln College; H. G. Adams, M. Mills, Christ Church; H. Middleton, Wadham College; R. Blakiston, Queen's College; E. Barnett, Worcester College; W. Newton, H. Crawley, Balliol College; E. Wells, Fellow of New College; A. Nugee, W. T. Preston, J. Allen, J. J. Maberly, Brasenose College; A. Arrowsmith, Magdalen Hall; J. Browell, Exeter College.

CAMBRIDGE, April 16th. — The following degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Master of Arts. — The Hon. C. S. Savill (fourth son of the Earl of Mexborough), Queen's College.
Bachelors of Arts. — J. V. Austin, W. Nurse, G. D. Lowndes, Trinity College; R. W. Pierpoint, St. John's College; W. Sherwood, Catherine Hall, compounder.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HUDSON GURNEY in the chair. — Count Dietrichsen, prefect of the imperial library at Vienna, presented a silver medal of Prince Metternich, struck by the academy of fine arts on his completing twenty-five years' curatorship of that establishment. Sir Henry Ellis exhibited a cast, by Mr. Doubleday, of the seal of Richard de Bury, or Angerville, bishop of Durham, born in 1281, a correspondent of Petrarch, and a patron of learning. It contained a whole-length figure of the bishop under a canopy; it was a very elaborate specimen of art, and from the care bestowed on the head, was probably a portrait. Mr. Hagers presented some specimens of "fossil wood," found near Shackleworth. A document was read from Mr. Hallam's volume of state papers and correspondence, being instructions to commissioners in the several shires for raising a benevolence for an expedition by Henry VIII. against the French.

By an error of the press in our last *Gazette*, part of Viscount Cole's exhibition to the Society was described as a bill; it was a curious scientific bell.

THE COPYRIGHT ACT.

WE have much pleasure in acquainting our readers that there is now every probability of the repeal of the obnoxious clause in this act, which compels the delivery of eleven copies of every book published to certain public libraries. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is understood to be favourable to the measure, provided a proper compensation be made to those who are to lose the privilege; and Mr. Buckingham, to whom the literary public are deeply indebted for bringing forward the measure, has only withdrawn his bill for the purpose of making such alterations as may secure for it the sanction and support of the government. Two select committees have already been appointed to consider this subject; one in 1813, and the other in 1818; each made a report, but nothing further was done. The last committee recommended the gratuitous delivery of eleven copies to be repealed, except as it related to the British Museum, and the printer was to be relieved from the obligation of preserving a copy; the Museum copy being made evidence in lieu of it, and a fixed allowance given to such of the other claimants as might appear to require it. Two very singular returns were presented to this committee; one from the Bodleian Library, and the other from the public library at Cambridge, giving lists of certain books collected under the Copyright Act, considered unworthy of being in the library, but which were still preserved

* It was iron pyrites.

(those at Cambridge in the Law Schools), and actually catalogued! The Cambridge list for two years contains about 600 articles, a great part of which consists of the merest trash: *inter alia*, will be found, "Adventures of a Donkey; Husband Hunter; My Lady's Gown; the Admirable Beauty; a Treatise on Yeast; the Blacksmith's Guide; John Hobson; Lady Jane's Pocket; Pretty, Playful Tortoiseshell Cat; She would be a Heroine; the Spinster's Journal; the Blind Man and his Son; Nursery Conversations; Uncle Tweazy; the Loyal Ticket; and Turner's real Japan Blacking, a Label!" This is collecting and cataloguing with a vengeance. Surely no further proof need be adduced of the paramount necessity for repealing the obnoxious clause. A certain compensation being granted the universities and libraries, they may then purchase what they want, and not load their shelves with such a sickening superabundance of useless rubbish.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Saturday (this day).

United Service Museum, 3 P.M.

Lieut. J. Goodwin, on the Importance and Utility of the Study of History, as connected with the Naval and Military Professions.

Monday.

Royal Geographical, 9 P.M. — Russell Institution, 8 P.M.

On Vocal Music, by Thos. Phillips, Esq., and his pupils, the Misses Brandon.

Marylebone Institution, 8½ P.M.

Dr. Ritchie on the Properties of Matter.

Tuesday.

Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M. — Civil Engineers, 8 P.M. — Society of Arts, Illustration, 8 P.M.

The Metallurgical History of Iron, by the Secretary.

Zoological, 8½ P.M. — Belgrave Literary, 8 P.M.

Rev. Mr. Mortimer, on the History and Antiquities of Egypt; and on the 17th.

Wednesday.

Society of Arts, 7½ P.M. — Geological, 8½ P.M. — Graphic, 8 P.M. — Medico-Botanical, 8½ P.M.

Thursday.

Royal Society, 8½ P.M. — Antiquaries, 8 P.M. Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.

Friday.

Royal Astronomical, 8 P.M. — Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

* These "rejected books" are put in boards, and form a sort of supplemental library of "light reading," which is always accessible to "Masters of Arts" and "Bachelors of Law." Will it be credited that Sir Walter Scott's *Antiquary* was for some time condemned to take its place in this ignominious and degrading locale? The Syndicat, however, fortunately discovered that it was "a work of merit," and released the *Magician of the North* from his spell-bound imprisonment with the *Adventures of a Donkey*, the elaborate puffs of *Turner's Japan Blacking*, and the *Trial of Louisa Stanton*. But the librarians committed an error in excluding the last brochure. All criminal trials are worthy of being preserved in a public library. This was one of the *Causées célèbres*, and should not have been placed, side by side, with *Zion's Waymarks*; but, perhaps, it was an appropriate companion for Barrett's *My Wife! What Wife?* also one of the rejected.

† Dr. Edward Daniel Clarke, who was examined before the committee of inquiry in 1818, in allusion to "the mass of trash" received by the University, says, "we should be happy if those persons from whom we have received the books would take them back again; but as all come down to be examined, those books not thought proper for a place in our public library, are set apart by themselves: they consist of all sorts of things; sometimes we have received even the advertisements for patent medicines, and little scraps of paper, and children's books, and a great quantity of idle trash." — *Ibid* p. 78. To this we need only add, that an order was made in April 1818, that certain books not wanted by the University might be reclaimed by the publishers within a year. — *F. 66.*

Saturday.

United Service Museum, 3 P.M.

The Rev. Richard Sheepshanks, M.A. on the Use of Astronomical Instruments in determining Latitude and Longitude; third Lecture.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE sixty-eighth Exhibition of the Royal Academy opened to the public on Monday last; and it would be unjust to the members of the Academy, and to the various contributors, to deny them their full tribute of praise for the efforts which they have made to render it worthy of attention. Without further preface we will proceed to introduce to our readers some of the most striking features of the collection.

No. 124. *The Emperor Napoleon with Pope Pius the Seventh, at Fontainebleau, in the month of January 1813.* D. Wilkie, R.A.—Perhaps there was no circumstance in the life of this extraordinary man more extraordinary than that which Mr. Wilkie has here so aptly and skilfully illustrated. Without the introduction of the sword of the conqueror, or the thunder of the Vatican, it exemplifies the proverb that "might overcomes right," in the quiet though insulting triumph on the one hand, and the reluctant and humiliating submission on the other. The composition is simple, the effect finely managed, reminding us of Lawrence. The only feeble part of the picture is the head of Napoleon.

No. 48. *Dutch Peasants returning from Market.* A. W. Callcott, R.A.—A picture like this needs only to be seen to be appreciated by all. It is equally intelligible to the learned and to the unlearned; and yet it speaks a language entirely its own. Truth, simplicity, and beauty, are its constituents. The objects which it embraces, and the skill with which they are treated, must afford to the fortunate proprietor (who, we understand, is Mr. Vernon) an unfailling source of delightful contemplation.

No. 60. *The Peep-o'-day Boys' Cabin in the West of Ireland.* D. Wilkie, R.A.—An interior, with its cabin-light effect, and picturesque accessories, animate and inanimate, all in "the most admired confusion;" but the principal objects are striking and attractive. A youthful member of this bandit fraternity is sleeping on his arms, affectionately watched by a beautiful and animated female, who is receiving from a friend intelligence, as we "calculate," of some alarming nature. It is in Mr. Wilkie's best style, both in conception and in execution; and the expression given to the vigilant wife would not discredit the countenance of a Siddons or O'Neill.

No. 182. *Mercury and Argus.* J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—In colour, a perfect kaleidoscope. Still, however, it is a work replete with imagination and beauty; and would make a fine engraving.

No. 13. *Whittington and his Cat.* W. Allan, R.A.—The early history of the "thrice Lord Mayor of London" is so familiar to every body, that the explanation in the catalogue might have been spared. With the exception of a slight degree of hardness in the execution, we greatly admire the manner in which Mr. Allan has given, in graphic detail, the various and amusing incidents of his subject. The scorn of the fat cook is especially entertaining.

No. 14. *Scene in Chillingham Park, Portrait of Lord Ossulston, &c.* E. Landseer, R.A.—A composition skilfully arranged and finely executed. In our notice of Mr. Allan's picture

we have said that we thought the description in the catalogue a work of supererogation; here, on the contrary, some explanation would have been satisfactory. The bull, we believe, was shot by the noble lord, in consequence of its having gored the keeper.

No. 207. *The Confessional of the Black Crucifix.* T. Uwins, A.—Murder, in its most dreadful form. No one could have represented the appalling event with more energy than Mr. Uwins, who appears to us to be every year making rapid strides in his profession.

No. 194. *Happy as a King.* W. Collins, R.A.—We love to see subjects of this lively class come in contrast to such as we have just mentioned. "To eat fat bacon, and swing upon a gate," was the answer of a rustic, when asked what would be his supreme delight. The latter of these enjoyments, and its effect on the animal spirits, Mr. Collins has here depicted with his usual power. Nor must we omit to notice the charmingly treated background.

No. 32. *The Intercepted Letter.* T. Clater.—A picture at once for the eye and for the heart. To his usual skill in the deceptive of art, and his usual finish of costume and accessories, Mr. Clater has added a sentiment in the figures truly delightful. For the ordinary anger of an offended father, at the projected elopement of his child, an air of affectionate expostulation is substituted; and that it has had its effect, is evident, in the conviction and penitence expressed in the countenance of the daughter.

No. 117. *Giving a Bite.* W. Mulready, R.A.—In the comic of art, and in the habits of boyhood, no artist is better versed, or more capable of imparting natural humour, than Mr. Mulready. This picture is painted with great richness and mellowness. The caution with which the bite is allowed by one boy, and eager voracity with which it is taken by the other, are admirably expressed; as are, also, the voracious countenances of the young lookers-on.

Passing from gay to grave, we find a subject of great interest, in

No. 21. *Cortes, in the Chapel of Rabida, reading to Pizarro an Account of their own Atrocities, and a Malediction upon them, written by the Abbot Peren.* R. Westall, R.A.—The agitation of Pizarro, and the surprise of an attendant monk, at observing it, are well depicted; and the scene, the costumes, &c. are painted with Mr. Westall's usual facility and skill.

No. 167. *Venus and her Doves.* W. Etty, R.A.—Of several compositions by Mr. Etty, of a similar kind, this is by far the most graceful. Few artists can give so much firmness and solidity to flesh.

The landscapes and views, in the great room, furnish some very interesting varieties. Two of the most fascinating are, No. 110, *Murano, the old part of Venice*; and, No. 130, *Trent in the Tyrol*, by A. W. Callcott, R.A.—The turritulous character of No. 7. *The Bore Rushing up the Hoogley, during a North Wester*, W. Daniell, R.A., comes finely in contrast with the tranquil and mellow, No. 36. *The Palace at Lambeth, from Millbank*, by the same artist. No. 9. *Cenotaph to the Memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds, erected in the grounds of Colcorton Hall, Leicestershire, by the late Sir George Beaumont, Bart.* J. Constable.—A secluded scene, singularly, but most effectively, executed; and powerfully rousing those feelings of admiration of his genius, and regret at his loss, which must be associated with every recollection of our great painter.

(To be continued.)

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

[Third notice.]

No. 253. *Weary Travellers.* F. Tayler.—To a freedom of pencil, not unlike that of Gainsborough, Mr. Tayler adds a richness and transparency of colour quite fascinating. This group, among others of equal excellence, is a fine specimen of his powers in composition, and in the expression of character.

No. 5. *Screen in St. Jacques, Dieppe.* Joseph Nash.—A noble specimen of the ornamental in Gothic architecture. The wide-spread and cold colour of the stone is finely and judiciously set off by the introduction of the scarlet clothing of a cardinal, and other figures accompanying him. By way of contrast we will mention,

No. 12. *Interior of an Old Priory.* W. Hunt.—Priorities and monasteries were made for abbots and monks; their ruins, for cattle and artists. This truly localising painter has here represented one of those religious edifices in its decay, with that peculiar raciness of colour and effect, of which he is so great a master.

No. 48. *Scene from Burns.* A. Chisholm.—The kindly and hospitable feelings of "and lang syne," as described in a passage of "The two dogs." Mr. Chisholm has entered into the subject with the true spirit of the gifted bard.

No. 102. *The Procession of Aladdin to the Sultan, to request the Hand of the Princess Badroulboudour in Marriage.* J. Stephanoff.—There are several varieties in this exhibition by Mr. Stephanoff, displaying his powers in the humorous; but we prefer his subjects from the graphic pages of the "Arabian Nights," in which he appears quite at home.

No. 191. *The Dromios.* H. Richter.—It is not a few years ago that we remember to have seen the works of this veteran artist in Spring Gardens and elsewhere; and here he is with the same freshness of light and colour, the same careful execution, and, we may add, the same humorous eccentricity of design, as ever.

No. 175. *Charles V. visiting Francis I. in Prison, after the Battle of Pavia.* Joseph Nash.—Mr. Nash has brought to bear upon his subject the deepest and most powerful tones of which water-colours are capable; and the composition does great credit to his skill.

No. 286. *Lady with a Letter.* J. W. Wright.—For the beauty of its character, and the clearness of its execution, we think this one of the most conspicuous of this able artist's contributions to the present Exhibition.

No. 277. *Candlelight.* W. Hunt.—The light of truth shines through every performance of Mr. Hunt. The effect of candlelight in this subject has never been surpassed; and for character, No. 88, *Scared*, and No. 98, *Massa Sambo*, are fine specimens of his powerful talents.

No. 178. *Ruth and Naomi.* Miss Sharpe.—The quotation in the catalogue—one of the most touching in Scripture—is admirably illustrated by the pencil of the fair artist.

Conclusion in our next.

THE LAWRENCE GALLERY.

"Another, and another, still succeeds,
And the last set's as welcome as the former."

THE eighth portion of Sir Thomas Lawrence's superb collection, which has, in the course of the present week, been opened to public view at Messrs. Woodburn's Gallery, consists of fifty drawings by Albert Durer, and fifty by Titian. Those by the former are in a state of wonderful preservation; and it is impossible to contemplate them without being astonished that a German, living in so barbarous an age,

could achieve so much excellence in the style of art to which circumstances confined him. The drawings by Titian are also exceedingly interesting; for, although, as Sir Joshua Reynolds observes, "Titian looked at nature for the general effect produced by colour rather than by form;" and although, therefore, his drawings cannot, in some respects, presume to rank with those of the celebrated masters of the Roman school, there is, nevertheless, a character in them of great beauty and expression. The designs in this collection for some of his important pictures—such, for instance, as "The Death of the Virgin," "Abraham offering up Isaac," the so frequently repeated "Venus," and "St. Peter, Martyr"—are peculiarly curious and valuable. Those for the last-mentioned subject, especially, shew the care with which he occasionally studied and varied his compositions, before he committed them to canvass. His landscapes, drawn with a readiness, likewise manifest exquisite perception of truth, and surprising power, spirit, and taste, in its representation.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Sir Robert Peel. Painted by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A. Engraved by C. Turner, A.R.A. P. and D. Colnaghi and Co.

ANOTHER finely executed plate, from the only picture for which the right hon. member for Tamworth ever sat to the late president. Although Time, which spares neither statesman nor peasant, has been hard at work on Sir Robert's features since the original portrait was painted, their general form and character remain sufficiently the same to render this new translation a very powerful resemblance.

Trees. Drawn from nature and on stone by W. Cowen.

We have seen several specimens of this publication, which, both in the character of the trees, and in lithographic execution (combining the different styles of tint, pen, and chalk), are exceedingly beautiful.

BIOGRAPHY.

J. H. WIFFEN.

WHEN the aged man, who has solaced a long series of years by the delightful pursuits of literature, is gathered to "smell sweet and blossom in the dust," still do we regret the loss which the world has sustained in one of those whose dispositions and efforts have all been directed to the improvement and happiness of his kind. But when such individuals fall in the very midst of their honoured career—when the pleasing poet, the amiable philanthropist, the accomplished scholar, the refined and estimable in every relation of life, are torn in a moment away, the events are indeed to be deplored with no common feelings of sorrow and mourning. Such are our emotions in having to record the awfully sudden and premature death of this most worthy and excellent person. On Monday night, Mr. Wiffen retired to rest, in perfect health and contentment, at his accustomed hour; and in a few minutes after, he was a corpse. Of his works, we need only recall to the readers of elegant compositions that he was the author of the "Memoirs of the House of Russell," and translator of the beautifully embellished edition of "Tasso," and of the "Life of Garcilasso da la Vega," &c. &c., all of which have been reviewed in our columns with the praise to which they were entitled, from their poetical merits, their elevated sentiments, their fine tone of human sympathy, and

their generous aspirations for the amelioration of the human mind. In private life, a more kind and warm-hearted, a more upright and sincere, a more benevolent and better man, never existed. These admirable qualities recommended him to the patronage, and the yet higher prize, the regard and affection of the Duke of Bedford and his family; and he for years occupied the situation of his Grace's librarian at Woburn Abbey, whence his literary productions emanated. Mr. Wiffen belonged to the Society of Friends, and has left a widow and three children to deplore the afflicting bereavement of such a husband and father.

MUSIC.

VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE selection for the sixth and last concert, on Monday night, was entirely delightful, from the first piece (Green's anthem, "I will sing of thy power," one of the most charming specimens of cathedral music) to the *finale*, Storace's bustling and spirit-stirring chorus, "To arms!" from the opera of *Mahmoud*. In this musical feast, two novelties claim our especial attention. A sacred song, by Häser (a name new to us), had sufficient musical beauty to recommend it to notice, though we cannot think the composer has shewn the best possible taste in his selection of the words. The subject of the recitative, the punishment of the wicked, would, if appropriate for musical expression at all, have been more fitly adapted to a bass, than to a tenor voice, and better suited to a chorus than to either. Mr. Hobbs exhibited more than his usual energy in this song. The other novelty was, "Rose, how sweet thy fragrance!" a graceful canzonet (by a composer of the name of D'Alquen), the only fault of which was, that it reminded the hearer too much of Spohr's "Rose softly blooming;" but this was owing rather to the similarity of the words, than to any very direct resemblance in the music. It was nicely sung by Miss Woodyatt. The voices of this young lady and Miss Hawes blended so agreeably in Calcott's glee, "Soft and safe, though lowly grave!" as to have a large share in producing the encore which followed it. Messrs. Hawkins, Hobbs, Turle, Bellamy, and Bradbury, were admirably effective in T. Cooke's glee, "The Shades of the Heroes," a composition which gains upon us every time we hear it—a sure mark of genuine excellence. One of its chief merits is the poetical feeling shewn in the adaptation of the words. Horsley's glee, "Come, gentle zephyr!" beautifully sung by Messrs. Hawkins, Moxley, Turle, and Parry, jun., surpasses, in real musical beauty, any we have yet heard by the composer. Miss Masson, in the recitative (and a most beautiful one it is) to Mozart's song, "Non temer," sang, as she always does, like an intellectual and accomplished musician; she was less effective in the air, because it was not so well adapted to her physical resources. Haydn's sublime motet, "Insane et vane," was excellent, though performed with the adapted English words, which are any thing but sublime. We know not whether we have to thank the committee for selecting Weelkes's ingenious and delightful madrigal, "As Vesta," in compliance with our suggestion; but, apart from any such consideration, the exquisite delicacy of its performance, the nice and unanimous attention to the lights and shades, would inevitably have secured our hearty applause, as it did that of the whole room. We cannot even allude to several other compositions that

afforded us extreme gratification; and have now only room to express a hope, that we may venture to congratulate the Society on the successful termination of the fourth season. Doubtless, every one who prefers what is really noble and excellent in vocal composition, to the fashionable trash which has so long been the staple food of the musical public, must join with us in wishing the Vocal Society may go on and prosper. Q.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.

THE fourth concert, under the direction of Lord Burghersh, was attended by her majesty and a very numerous audience. The selection was excellent, including many admirable and unhackneyed compositions. Grisi, who was among the vocal corps, sang "Let the bright seraphim" with a distinctness of articulation that many an English vocalist might envy. Her pronunciation of our rugged language was remarkably correct; but here our admiration stops, for we cannot approve of the screaming style in which she executed the song: some of her upper notes were distressingly harsh, and the concluding high and loud shake absolutely past bearing. The other performers were Mesdames Knyvett, Bishop, Shaw, and Birch, and Messrs. Brahms, Phillips, Bennett, Parry, jun., and Hawkins. Q.

AMONG the most successful performances at Miss L. Myers' concert, we must mention Mr. Balfe with the warmest praise: he was the star of the evening; and his own charming ballad of "They tell me thou'rt the favoured guest," was rapturously applauded. Miss Clara Novello obtained a well merited encore in "Jock o' Hazeldean;" which she answered by singing a very sweet German air. Chatterton displayed his usual talent in a fantasia on the harp. And Miss L. Myers was admirable in her own performance: she played a grand fantasia by Czerny, on Bellini's celebrated march, with equal taste and execution.

Miss Dickens and Miss Forster, of the Royal Academy, had their concert on Friday evening last, to the great credit of the school to which they belong. Mr. H. Phillips sang a comic ballad, "Women," capitally; and Mrs. Seymour was much applauded in "Non piu di fiore." But we must particularly mention Miss Trotter, a pupil of Bellini, who had brilliant success. She gave "Una voce" in a style of first-rate promise.

The third Concert of the *Societa Armonica* more than sustained their high character. Ivanoff and Lablache were in fine voice; and a fantasia on the flute, by Mr. Richardson, was received with great applause. We must observe, however, that the orchestral accompaniments required subduing; it was with obvious effort that even Grisi's voice rose above them. She sang "Di piacer" in a delicious style; it was the very luxury of music.

DRAMA.

King's Theatre.—On Saturday, *I Puritani* was exquisitely given, and Grisi, Tamburini, Rubini, and Lablache, were delightfully effective. The last act is peculiarly favourable to the display of Tamburini's perfect voice, and masterly skill in managing it; but the whole is a treat with which, we are inclined to think, no city in Europe could, at present, compete. On Tuesday, *Il Barbiere* was executed in an equally superior style; and on Thursday, after *La Gazza Ladra*, we had at last a superb and interesting ballet. It is entitled *Beniowski*, and founded on the Exiles of Siberia. The music,

by Bochs, is charming and characteristic; the scenery and dresses, beautiful and appropriate; and the dancing, by Romain (especially), Carlotta Grisi, and the rest, about as graceful and pleasing as we have seen in this department of art.

Drury Lane.—The trick of last season repeated; i. e. "the unrivalled Malibran:" with more "numerous audiences than ever been seen before," though the theatre has been crammed, and over-crammed, beyond its utmost capacity, (see Puffs, 1834, and 5,) and "unparalleled enthusiasm," &c. &c. &c. serves here thrice a-week, and the other thrice is given to *hashes of Gustavus, Masaniello, Siege of Rochelle, the Jewess*, and other striking novelties.

Covent Garden.—Here Power may well exclaim with Coriolanus, "Alone I did it:" for his *O'Flannigan and the Fairies* fills the house every night. He has also played the *Irish Ambassador*, and *Teddy the Tiler*: no wonder the public crowd to see the Irish character in perfection, when such a performer is about to take another voyage to America.

The Haymarket.—A constant succession of good and various pieces, all well acted, have fully sustained the old repute of this theatre during the present season. Sinclair has appeared amid the vocal train, and charmed us with his sweet notes—notes sweeter than ever. On Monday, in the *Slave*, we had him, Vandenhoff, Strickland, Webster, two Vinings, Buckstone, Mrs. W. Clifford, Mrs. Glover, and Miss P. Horton,—a capital cast, and enough to bear through any drama triumphantly. On Tuesday, *All in the Wrong* was revived with considerable success; Miss Taylor, *Belinda*. On Wednesday, *John Bull*, also ably played. On Thursday, *Sweethearts and Wives*, still better. Strickland, Sinclair, Buckstone, Miss Taylor, Miss P. Horton, Mrs. Garrick, and Miss Vincent, being all that could be wished in *Admiral Franklyn, Sandford* (first time), *Billy Lackaday, Eugenia, Laura* (first time), *Mrs. Bell, and Susan* (first time). *My Husband's Ghost* has successfully closed the night nine times, with great applause, after the ballet of *Zulema*.

The English Opera continues its well-directed exertions, and we are glad to add, its complete success. On Monday, a musical drama, called *The Witch's Son*, was produced; and has since been performed nightly with great approbation. It belongs to the serio-comic; and the comic is fortunately so entertaining that the audience enjoy their laugh with Salter and Oxberry to their heart's contentment. All the other pieces are established popular favourites. On Thursday, another lively trifle by Mr. Barnard, called *The Man about Town*, was produced; and will be upon town for a season, or we have no notion of the chance of such things when sustained by such talents as those of Wrench, the veriest man about town.

The Strand Theatre.—*Doves in a Cage* and *Don Giovanni* have varied the entertainments here during the week; and the *Painter of Ghent*, which now runs smoothly on the canvass, fills up an evening's theatrical enjoyment well deserving of public encouragement.

VARIETIES.

King's College.—At the annual meeting of the proprietors, &c. on Saturday, the Archbishop of Canterbury president, a report of the most gratifying kind was read, shewing the increasing prosperity of the institution in every branch. The number of pupils has greatly

augmented, a museum been fitted up, and, in short, improvement was manifest throughout.

London University.—The annual distribution of prizes took place on Saturday, Sir C. Lemon in the chair. Twenty-one medals were appropriately presented to the successful candidates in chemistry, anatomy, surgery, &c. &c.; and the company separated, highly pleased with the scene.

H. B.'s last Nos. 432, 433, and 434, are quite worthy of his wit and humour. "The Irish Tutor," O'Connell as the tutor, and the ministry as his class of little boys, is, perhaps, as amusing as the best of all the hundreds which have preceded it. The drollery of seeing the heads of the cabinet on the frames of children, standing in a row as at school, is irresistible; and all the positions and looks so imitatively in character with the birch-armed pedagogue, and his fearful pupils, that this piece must take its place among the cleverest of these *jeux d'esprit*. "My last new step" is a most ludicrous figure of the Duke of Devonshire at dance; and "the death of Caesar," so fine a composition, that we can hardly consider it to belong to caricature.

Paganini eclipsed.—The wonderful Norwegian violinist (Ole B. Bull) made his debut on Thursday, at a rehearsal, with a full orchestra of the King's Theatre. He performed two pieces with accompaniments of his own composition, and which, in the execution of each, fairly electrified his auditory. Indeed, we question whether such soul-stirring sounds (even from the first vocalists) were ever before heard within the walls of the Opera House. In the second piece, an *adagio sentimentale*, he positively drew tears from many a fair eye. In a word: it is not only our own opinion, but that of many excellent critics who had congregated to hear this hero of the viol, that, for sentiment, and what may be termed 'singing' on the instrument, power and fullness of tone, pathos and rapidity of execution, he surpasses his great predecessor, Paganini. If Ole Bull, therefore, does not make a fortune out of "John Bull," we are much mistaken. He really surpasses all expectation.

The Colosseum.—Mr. Braham has opened here a most novel and remarkable entertainment, of which the prominent features are the performances of some extraordinary Arabs, who must be seen to be appreciated.

Triple-pointed Pen.—We have seen this beautiful contrivance—another of the productions of that clever and eminent manufacturer, Mordan, whose oblique pens we long since spoke of, as they deserved, as being the only perfect pen in principle that we had seen; not a mere capricious change, having the attraction of an odd form, but that form being the result of the principle by which the oblique slit was always, when in use, parallel to the slope of the writing. The new triple-point, admirable as we thought the oblique, has rendered that pen more perfect, and is applied by Mordan to all others. It consists of a piece of the metal cut out in the *blank* and turned over the back of the pen, lying above the slit, and forming, when the usual points separate, a third point, which passes between them, and supplies the space with ink. It is one of the greatest improvements yet made to metal pens, as it clears the point from fibre, carries the ink to a certainty to the paper, and holds three times as much as any other pen, without the liability of its dropping, as its accumulation is on the back of the pen. It is really an ingenious and beautiful instrument, which Mordan and Co. have patented.

Swimming Bath.—"To what uses we may

come at last!" The whole area of Lambeth Market has been converted into one great tepid bath, and surrounded by others of smaller dimensions, for individuals. Ten thousand gallons of water hourly are to pass through this immense reservoir; and the whole concern is literally a national curiosity, which is well worth a visit. It is strange to think how long our vast metropolis has been kept without adequate conveniences of this kind.

College of Physicians.—The meeting on the evening of Monday week was very numerous attended; and a paper was read, on the evils to which seamen were exposed when on shore, for the mitigation or prevention of which various plans and remedies were suggested.

Poetical Coincidence.—In the seventeenth century, Pope complains of the successful poet's miseries; he says

"Shut, shut the door, good John, fatigued I said;
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land;
All fly to Twickenham, and, in humble strain,
Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damned works the cause."

Petrarch had before made a similar complaint in the thirteenth century. He says, in one of his letters, "Verses rain in upon me, from all parts of the world. If I censure, I shall be an odious critic; if I praise, a nauseous flatterer. But this would be nothing, if the contagion had not reached the Roman court. What do you think of our lawyers and physicians? They no longer consult Justinian or Escalapius; deaf to the cries of the sick, and of their clients, they will listen to none but Virgil and Homer. Even labourers, carpenters, and masons, abandon their hammers and shovels, to lay hold of Apollo and the Muses. In my house, out of doors, wherever I set my feet, versifying fanatics surround me, overwhelm me with questions, and bawl and dispute. The other day, a father came up to me in tears, and said, 'You have been the destruction of my only son.' At last recovering myself, I replied, that I neither knew him nor his son. 'It is of little consequence whether you know him or not,' said the old man, 'he knows you but too well. I have ruined myself to bring him up to the law, and now he tells me he will follow no steps but yours. I am thus disappointed of all my hopes; for I much fear he will never be either a lawyer or a poet.'"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Dr. Reid's, Ole B. Bull's, and other cards, have reached us far too late to be available. Lecturers, the givers of concerts, and all concerned with public occasions at which they desire the presence of our reporters, ought to allow us fair notice; and not trust to the last moment for securing the attention we are otherwise well disposed to pay to matters of general interest.

Mr. Thorpe has just issued one of the most extraordinary, and most extensive catalogues of manuscripts (which he has on sale) we have ever seen. It contains 1436 numbers, and is full of valuable and interesting articles: including, of ancient manuscripts, some valuable chartularies and chronicles; much poetry and romance; many deeds and charters, from the time of William the Conqueror upwards; household and wardrobe books; a mass of books on heraldry, and others relating to the pedigrees and history of families and counties, &c. &c. And the more modern manuscripts contain a most extensive and rich collection of private and public correspondence. We are sorry to see by this catalogue, that Mr. Thorpe is still permitted to retain on his hands the extensive collection of the Battle Abbey documents. He has lately been much importuned for their inspection for law purposes, and in his present catalogue he has appended to the article the following notice:—"When I can meet the wishes of gentlemen in this way, without much injury, I am always most happy to do so; and as there are more than one, two, or three able and ready to testify; but in the present case I do not think myself justified in granting such a request."

MRS. ANDERSON'S MORNING CONCERT.—Under the immediate Patronage and in the Presence of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and H.R.H. the Princess Victoria. Mrs. Anderson, Pianiste to her Majesty, and Instructress to H.R.H. the Princess Victoria, has the honour to announce that her Annual Morning Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday next, May the 13th. Vocal Performers, Madame Nalibren de Heriot, Madame Caradot Allan, Miss C. Novello, Miss Mason, Miss Hawes, and Mrs. H. R. Bishop; Signor Iversoff, Mr. Sale, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Parry, jun. Solo Performers, Mrs. Anderson, Mon. de Heriot, Mr. Nicholson, and Mr. William. Leader, Mr. F. Cramer, Conductor, Sir G. Smart. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, may be had of Mrs. Anderson, 21 Manchester Street, Manchester Square; and at the principal music shops.

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